



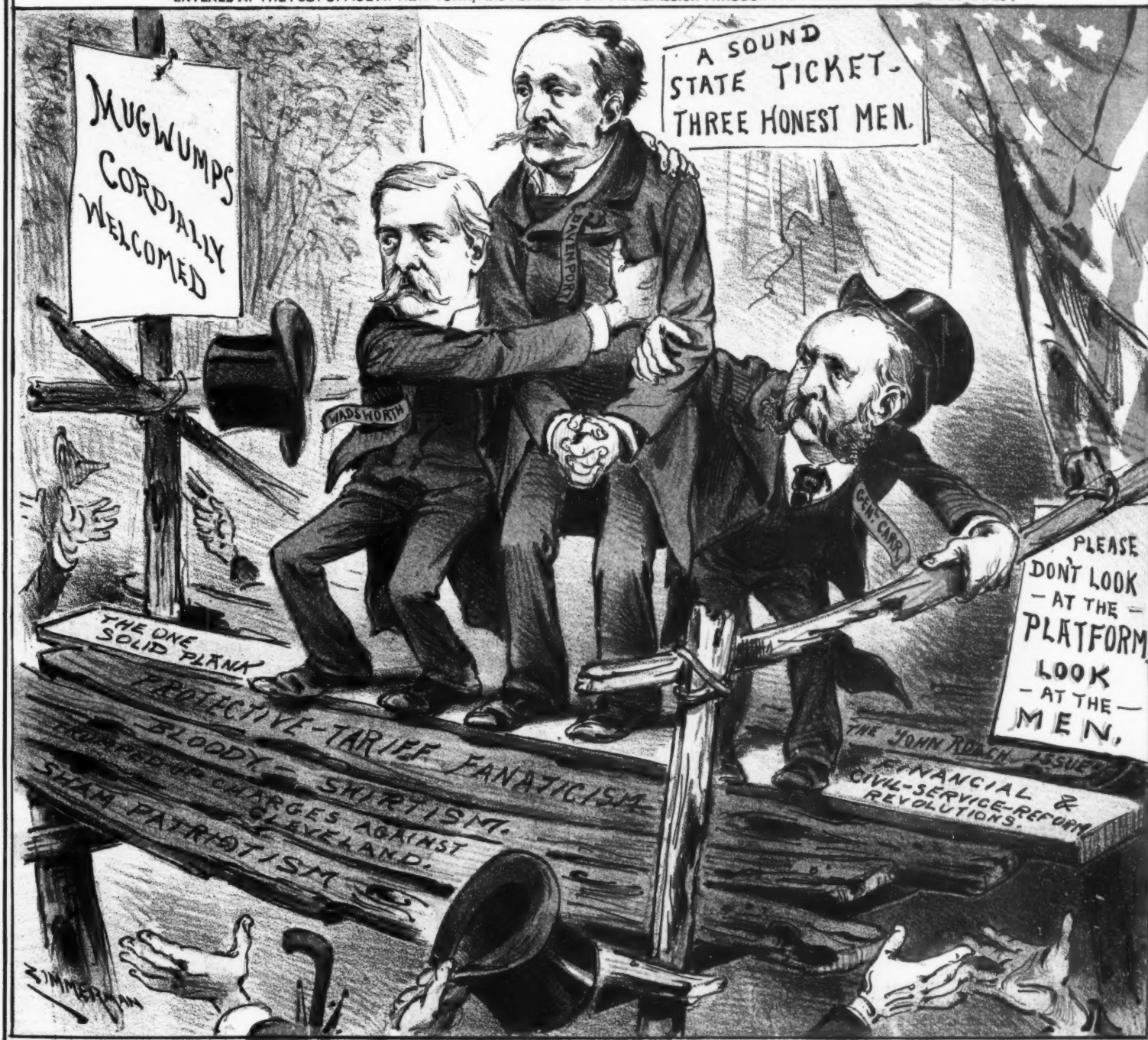
PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."

2



GOOD MEN ON A BAD PLATFORM.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK.PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50
 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25
 (England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50
 50¢ INCLUDING POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS KEPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of Puck is specially copyrighted, and its contents are protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we cannot permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

50¢ We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK
(SECOND CROP.)

JUST OUT: Price 25 Cents.

For Sale by all Newsdealers.

Mailed to any part of U. S. or Canada on receipt of price.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The Democrats of the State of New

York are now about to be put through the same educational process to which the leaders of the Republican party at large were subjected a year ago. They are having a clear, simple and practical demonstration of the principle, theory and practice of honest independence in politics. It will do them a great deal of good; just as it has already begun to do the Republicans good. We do not look for the complete and perfect regeneration of either of the two great national parties; but we see that the best men on both sides are being educated, slowly but surely, to accept the ideas which, sooner or later, will call for the organization of a third party, pledged to give the people honest, non-partisan government and sound systems of revenue and finance.

For the most part, the leaders of the Democracy are too dull, and the leaders of the Republican party are too smart to see that Independence, or Mugwumpery, or whatever you may call the new disturbing element in American politics, is not a speculative ideality; but a plain, clear, common-sense principle that anybody can understand, and by which any sensible man may shape his course. They cannot see this; but there are many of their followers who can; and each year will bring out more who, seeing, will seek the new light. Already there are plenty of Republicans who understand what the Democrats will comprehend more clearly after the third of next November—that it is not the Mugwump who vacillates; but the parties that ally themselves with him.

There is nothing puzzling about the course of the Mugwump. It is a straight line—the line of honesty. In business-life, no one pretends to find anything odd or fanciful or confusing about that same course. Men are supposed to know it by natural instinct and the ordinary training of youth. If they leave it and go astray, we merely put them down as dishonest, and perhaps send them to jail. There is nothing wire-drawn or mysterious or super-subtle about this principle in business. Well, it is the same line in politics that the Mugwump follows and will follow, whatever may be the circumstances. The crooked and uncertain paths are those of the two older and larger parties. Sometimes their devious tracks swing in and run parallel with his, and then he goes with them, or they with him, as you choose to look at it. Sometimes they wander away from his straight course, and then they wander alone.

Last year it was the Republican National Convention that led the Republican party astray, with results disastrous to the party. This year it is the New York Democrats, who, after walking in a straight line as long as their natural bent and bias permitted them to, have returned to their wallows in the wayside mire, just as their Republican foes have come struggling back to try the direct road again for a bit. And meanwhile the Mugwump marches straight ahead, and the Republican can have the pleasure of his society only by keeping side by side with him on a course that leads directly away from the old goal of spoils and government-wrecking.

The platform adopted by the Republican State Convention is, in many points, bad beyond the necessity of criticism. But that means

very little. The nominations are good beyond doubt or question, and that means a great deal. The Democratic nomination is bad enough to nullify the best of platforms, and the party in convention may “resolute till the cows come home” for honest government and civil-service reform and all the cardinal virtues, but the work they have done in nominating Mr. Hill gives their professions the lie direct.

It is not that Mr. Hill is dishonest personally; but that he is nominated as the avowed champion of the principle of dishonesty in politics. That's all. Last year the independent vote elected Mr. Cleveland President of the United States, because he promised to give us an honest administration and a reformed civil service, and because he was known to be a man who would keep his promise. This year the independent vote of New York State will go for the Republican candidate, because he has a similar claim on the suffrages of clean-minded men. And this vote will be in direct support not only of President Cleveland, but of the principle that is greater than President Cleveland. There could not be a better opportunity to illustrate the fundamental idea of Mugwumpery.

There is no need of enlarging on what is said and shown on the last page of Puck this week. Everybody who knows New York knows that the average police-justice with one hand signs the commitment of the criminal, to satisfy the righteous demands of the public, and with the other hand signs the same prisoner's release, to satisfy the mighteous demands of the ward politician. It is a disgrace, and a well-known disgrace; and it is one of the evils that come from having an elective judiciary.

BY HOOK AND CROOK.



“OH, YOU MAY LAUGH, BUT IT'S A GREAT DEAL BETTER WAY THAN THE OLD-FASHIONED CHAIN ROUND HIS NECK!”

PUBLIC LIBRARIANS occasionally give us curious information regarding the circulation of popular books. By this means we are able to learn what the great public is reading, and it is very often a matter of grave surprise to the people who read the reports. We recently wrote to several well-known libraries to ascertain the books that are most in demand. From the answers to our letters of inquiry, we are able to state that the books mentioned below are taken from the libraries as many times as the figures opposite indicate, during a single month:

“Molly Bawn” 43
 “Phyllis” 46
 “Her Dearest Foe” 40
 “Barbara's History” 30
 “Kilmeny” 29
 “Guemdale” 87
 “Huckleberry Finn” 105
 “Backlog Studies” 98
 “Detmold” 92
 “The Last Meeting” 109

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
92,829.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK is growing in popular favor every day. The first and second crops are now blossoming for all they are worth. No library complete without it. Price, 25 cts.

THE LAST PRIVATE THEATRICALS
AT
OUR SUMMER HOTEL.



Put up your back-hair, Maud; the prompter now
Is stowed away behind the folding-doors.
The audience, gathered in the parlor, sits,
Polite, expectant, on assorted chairs.
Put up your back-hair. You are cast to play
The simple village maid. The rag will rise
Ere long to whistling of the smaller boys,
And you in all your beauty will shine forth
To the assembled eyes. You do not know
More than about a dozen of your lines;
But that, I fancy, will not trouble you.
Put up your back-hair. You are beautiful.
You know you are. Go on, and bear the palm.
The skirt you wear was borrowed from Miss Smith.
You need not care, you the unrivaled belle.
Go on—go on—you know you'll scoop them in.
Put up your back-hair. I am sick at heart.
I am to be the simple village lad
Who loves you, whom you love—but oh! my legs!
I am so deeply conscious of my calves
And their deficiencies that my heart is sick.
Put up your back-hair. Fate may smile on you—
I only humbly pray her for one boon—
That when you see these saddening legs of mine,
In the full glory of the lighted stage,
Illumined by two lamps of kerosene,
Your faithful and unshaken heart will cleave
To me as truly as before. I know not.
The legs are awful. Put your back-hair up—
The stage is waiting, and my heart is faint.

ABE AURDER.

ANOTHER GO AT LYSANDER.

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man
healthy, wealthy and wise."

I always thought this was one of the proverbial
sayings of the late lamented Poor Richard,
until my friend Lysander Latham, in a moment
of artlessness, avowed its authorship.

So this is your health-destroying, poverty-
producing, ignorance-encouraging maxim, is it,
Lysander? Well, you are welcome to it.

There is no man of sense alive to-day, Ly-
sander, who will dispute the authorship with you.

"The early bird catches the worm." Maybe
you wrote that, too, Lysander. And it was the
early worm that was caught.

Remember that, Lysander.

The consumptive, indigent, illiterate worm
that lay curled up in his dirt-walled hole, down
deep under the greensward, long after the early
birds had sung their joyous morning lays, and
had eaten their early worms by the glad light
of the bright morning sun—long after the in-
dustrious cock had crowed his matutinal crow,
and scratched the tender turf for his early worm
—long after the truant school-boy had dug his
fishing-bait, and then crawled forth to greet the
noon-day sun, did so in safety.

It was this pinched and moneyless wreck of
a worm, Lysander, that lived to see another day.

Remember this, Lysander, the next time you
try your gited hand at proverbs.

You also will probably recollect the healthy,
hollow-chested, spare-legged, fallow-faced, dys-
peptic, rheumatic, dronesome old farmer. This

marvel of health goes to bed early. When the
first lamp is lighted, after he has bolted his
evening meal, he retires to his slumber, and be-
fore the morning sun gilds the barn with gold,
he hies himself to the stable, and milks his cows
and does his daily chores.

Then look at the hale and wholesome farm-
er's wife, Lysander.

Just look at her.

She goes early to bed and is early to rise,
and just gaze on her healthy features. Look
at those angular and vigorous lines; observe her
sallow, pinched and healthy face. See the
crow's-feet with which a sound and vigorous
constitution always marks its frontispiece.

She follows your soul-destroying, health-en-
feebling proverb, Lysander, and has been doing
so since the time that Laban's daughter tended
her father's flocks on the sun-kissed plains of
old Mesopotamia.

Observe, too, how this model of matronly
vigor carries her age.

At thirty, she stoops.

At forty, her chest looks like a rifle-pit.

At fifty, old age takes her for his own.

At sixty, if she lives so long, she could pass
for the grandmother of one of those little his-
toric girls George Washington used to kiss.

Then observe the wealthy mechanic, Lysan-
der.

Just look at him.

See him leave his palatial one-story mansion
on the sand-hill, and, filling his gold-plated din-
ner-can with the choicest viands, observe him
hasten to his factory.

That is richness for you, Lysander.

There is opulence and monopolistic gorgeous-
ness.

Oh! of course, all rich men follow your bril-
liant maxim.

It has been a rule of mankind since Adam
left Paradise and luxury for toil and perspira-
tion.

Observe the destitute banker, as he reposes
in his miserable bed long after the healthy
farmer and wealthy mechanic have gone to
their labors.

Then notice him eat his frugal repast at nine
o'clock, and roll down to his office in his car-
riage.

This poor man evidently doesn't know enough
to be healthy, wealthy and wise.

Then, Lysander, please look at the wisdom-
loving and erudite hod-carrier.

He goes to bed early, also, and he arises with
the early birds.

The next time you meet him, notice his in-
tellectual countenance, and listen to the words
of wisdom that fall from his cultured lips.

Then, on the other hand, Lysander, look at
the senseless statesman, the silly scientist, the
puerile preacher and the shallow-brained author.

These foolish persons don't go to bed early,
Lysander. They sometimes retire early in the
morning, after spending an evening over their
books, acquiring ignorance, illness and poverty.

You must do something about this, Lysander.

The world expects it of you.

This is too truth-loving an age for the popu-
lace to calmly witness the spectacle of a proverb
whose steps take hold on the grave.

Go to, Lysander, and if you can't go to,
go three.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

"THE NUDE in art has come to the front as
a disturbing element in St. Louis Exposition
affairs," according to an exchange. The nude
in St. Louis art couldn't be anything else very
well.

IT SEEMS almost incredible, but just now
there is a bigger demand for five and ten-dol-
lar bills than for twentys and fiftys.

Puckerings.

GOOD LITTLE children,
when they die, will go to
heaven, where Jumbo is.

A YOUNG LADY at Long
Branch is so fond of div-
ing in the ocean that the
soles of her feet are sun-
burned.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA
walks twelve miles a day.
That is, he walks the same
mile ten times. He never
gets very far away from
his cyclone-pit.

Harper's WILL publish,
in its October number, an
article entitled "A Glass
of Beer." More public in-
terest will be felt in the article if the author
would change the title to "A Schooner of
Beer."

IN BOSTON love is not entirely blind, but it
wears spectacles.

SAD, BUT TRUE.—We have never yet heard
a tailor call them "trousers."

A LADY IN Cook County, Ills., ninety-eight
years old, is getting a second set of teeth. She
is getting them from a dentist.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL BREWSTER reached
Rome last month, and his first care after regis-
tering at the hotel was to search around for a
good laundry.

"WHY COMES not my love to me?" asks a
poetess in a Chicago newspaper. If we might
be allowed to reply, it was probably because
he had seen her before.

THE ORDINARY odor of the human skin is
somewhat sulphurous, although brunettes are said
to smell slightly of prussic acid and blondes of
musk. We cannot be too thankful that our
girl is a blonde.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES eats clams direct
from the shell, which he holds in his hand."
They will have to make clam-shells larger and
clam-forks duller before the Anglomaniacs of
this country will adopt this custom, we may re-
mark, with all deference to His Royal Highness.

A CHICAGO BOY swallowed some needles
about seven years ago, and now they are work-
ing out of his calves. That's nothing. We
know an editor who swallowed some campaign
lies when he was a boy, and they have been
working out all over his paper for several years.

A WESTERN PAPER remarks: "Eli Perkins
is not dead yet." We are sorry for it. We have
nothing against Mr. Perkins personally, but
when he dies a large class of cheap and in-
ferior Western humorists will have nothing to
write about, and the great, throbbing soul of
humanity will get a hard-earned rest.

ALREADY it is whispered that Col. Mapleson
has succeeded, by dint of earnestly raising the
ante, in persuading Mme. Patti to come back
and sing another farewell season in this coun-
try. If she does, it will be time for all those
who paid to hear her last season to bring action
against the tough old impresario for obtaining
money under false pretenses.



A MATRIMONIAL PROSPECT.



My Sadie Aurelia, she drives every day,
By the side of the sea where the bright billows play,
And uncommonly pretty she looks as she sits
In a tailor-made costume, the neatest of fits,
And handles the ribbons with sportsmanlike zeal,
And her fingers are little, but firmer than steel.
The turn-out is as neat as you'll find far and wide,
And a trim little tiger sits perched by her side.

Ah, lovely is Sadie, and happy am I
To be blessed with her bow as she passes me by,
For she smiles upon me in her beauty and style,
And sweet is her glance when she deigns to beguile.
And you wonder, perchance, why I don't take the cue
So graciously given, and venture to woo,
And o'er the smooth road of love's future to glide,
Displacing the tiger who sits by her side.

Well, yes, she is fair—she is lovely, in truth,
She has gold, she has grace, she has wit, she has youth;
And I think she'd have me, if I asked hard enough—
And the road of the future 's not like to be rough.
But—steel are her fingers, and steel is her eye,
And—just look at her touch as she flicks off that fly!—
Ah, how should I like it, to win such a bride,
And to be—just the tiger who sits by her side?

A. H. O.

A LOST RECKONING.

It was a dreamy, sad afternoon, near the close of September. The thin, almost impalpable haze of autumn hung over the landscape like a veil of ethereal lace, and the stillness was almost depressing in its intensity.

Suddenly the bell of the village church began to toll. The solemn reverberations seemed almost out of tune, breaking upon the slumbrous stillness of that perfect afternoon.

Tabitha Jones was dead—poor Tabitha, the village spinster. Generations had come and gone—she had gone on, not forever, but for a long, long time. Now she was dead.

"I wonder how old she really was?" queried one and another, as the tones of the bell floated mournfully over the village, and over the farms, and far down the valley, where the river lay shimmering like a sword in the grass: "But wait, and we shall see. Pretty soon the sexton will toll off her age."

II.

The old gray-haired sexton was bowing with the twelfth stroke of the mysterious age of Tabitha Jones, when the doors of the church vestibule, slightly ajar, were pushed open, and a stranger looked in. He was a young fellow, covered with the dust of travel, and carried a long stick, freshly cut from the woods, in his hand.

"Who's dead?" he asked, irreverently.

The old man raised one hand warningly, and then bowed to the rattling rope again, as he muttered, "Thirteen."

"Who is it?" persisted the young man: "Haven't I a right to know?"

"Fourteen," mumbled the old sexton, in rhythmic tone.

"Come, now, old fellow, who's dead? Can't you answer a civil question?"

"Tabitha Jones—fifteen."

"Who was Tabitha Jones?"

"An old maid living here in town—sixteen. Can't you leave me alone, I'm tolling her—seventeen—was that seventeen or sixteen, now, consarn it! Go 'way—sixteen."

A mischievous look crept into the young scamp's eyes as he watched the sexton.

"How old was she, really?" he asked: "twenty-four?"

"Twenty-four!" spluttered the sexton: "Did n't I tell you she was an old maid? There—which was that, fourteen or eleven? Darned if I can keep 'count and talk to you, too. Go 'way!"

"Most old maids will never admit that they are over twenty-three at the outmost," continued the interloper: "they generally fix on sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen—"

"Keep still!" yelled the old sexton, thoroughly exasperated and alarmed: "I'll be gosh-darned if you hain't throwed me out of my reckoning altogether. I don't know whether I've struck seventeen times or a hundred. Say,

GORE AND MOLASSES.

"A FARMER WITHOUT hands, and who does all the work on his land, is one of the successful cultivators of the soil living near Roswell, Ga.," according to an exchange. If the farmer had no hands, of course he was obliged to do his own work. This was probably the best way, as few hired-men will work as well as the farmer himself.

"WRAP YOUR milk in a wet cloth if you want to keep it sweet," says Miss Winchester. This will be of immense value to those bankers who are accustomed to carry down their bread and milk for lunch, wrapped up in brown paper. The same cloth will last several days, too. How delightfully cheap!

"WHEN A WOMAN goes horseback-riding she wears a silk plug-hat. She does that so the horse will believe she's a man and won't become frightened at her." We should say that a horse that would be frightened at a woman, whatever kind of hat she wore, is a donkey.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—NO. XXV.



Why are these elderly and respectable citizens gazing over the fence with so much interest?
(For explanation see illustration on next page.)

young feller—you got me in this scrape—what'll I do?"

"Stop a minute, and then begin over again. People will understand there has been some interruption or something. There, it's been just a minute and a half now—go ahead. I won't bother you any longer. Good-day."

III.

"Well, now, who would have thought it! And only last year they said she was going to marry Deacon Pinney."

"How many did you say it was, Jane?"

"A hundred and twenty-two. Well, I declare! Who'd have thought it?"

PAUL PASTNOR.

NO MEDICAL man, it is said, was ever made a peer in England. That may be true; but there is probably no doubt that a good many peers have been made by medical men in England.

AN ALBANY woman keeps her poodle-dog in a glass case. This is a move in the right direction. Next to a china poodle, one kept in a glass case is the best kind yet discovered.

A LITTLE BOY, who had only been asleep five minutes, but dreamed about five years, was incredulous when he was told how short a time he had slept. He finally remarked: "Well, that may be so; but it's funny how long it takes to sleep five minutes."

A BOSTON MAN engaged in the pawnbrokerage business recently asked his invalid brother, whom he supported, to die. The brother, however, got well, instead. This is a selfish world.

HENRY IRVING is to be made a baron if he will accept the honor. Mr. Irving may not be a very good actor, but we doubt whether he can act badly enough to be an English peer.

"THERE ARE only three varieties of poisonous snakes in America." This explains why so few men who have snakes die from their effects. We have often wondered why it was.

A SOUTH CAROLINA negro, who was recently bitten by a shark, has since died of hydrophobia. It is believed the shark feels greatly mortified at the result.

A GRACEFUL LIAR MISSING.

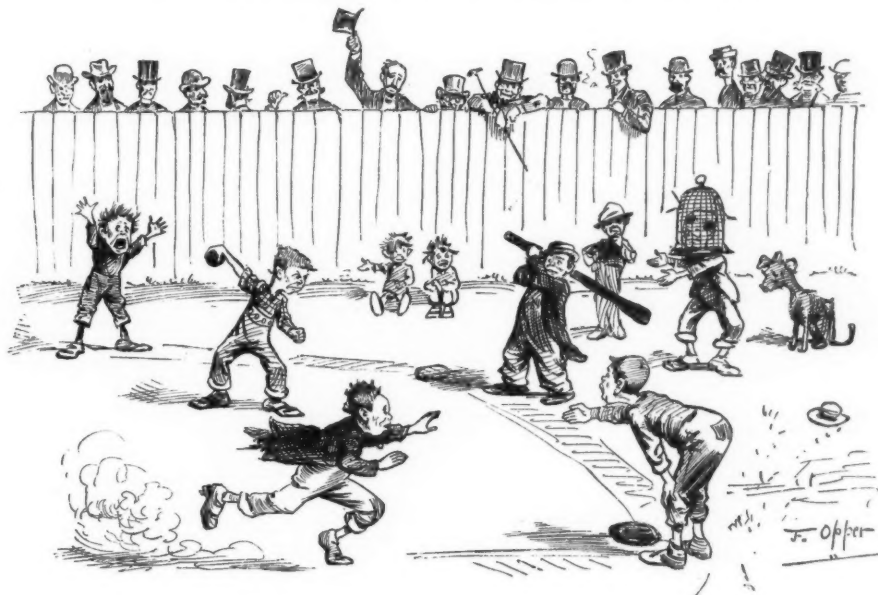
"What has become of the graceful and accomplished liar who wrote those romantic tramp-stories you used to print?" asked an old subscriber, as he came into the office of *The Weekly Truth Searcher and Posey County Vindicator*, a few days ago, and sat down in a gingerly sort of way on a chair which the editor had recently crippled in convincing a man from up the Creek that he had called the wrong day to get a retraction in respect to printed comments on his course as a road commissioner.

"Let me see," resumed the old subscriber, after a meditative pause: "there was always a beautiful young heiress from the city, with dark, luminous eyes and a proud, haughty air, in the business. She sits on the porch in front of the cool old farm-house, reading a book of poetry. The rest of the folks are away at the circus, or somewhere. Suddenly the gate opens and a young but sad-eyed tramp with hunger gnawing at his vitals, and who still might be handsome if he were put to soak a week or two,

from door to door, and shunning the back yard that harbors an axe and a wood-pile; but the kindness of the young and beautiful heiress has made him resolve to reform, and win public respect and a plug-hat. He weeps a pailful, more or less, of hot, scalding tears, and the beautiful heiress joins in the chorus, and then gives him a bright gold-piece and her blessing, shakes hands with him, and indulges in one more weep. The tramp goes down the lane with a new resolve in his heart and a severe pain under the place where he used to hook his watch-chain to his vest, when he wore a watch-chain and vest.

"A year later a handsome, well-dressed young man calls at the city home of the same young and beautiful heiress we left weeping in chapter one, and sends up his card. 'H. Harrison de Vere Van Everson,' she reads, as her heart flutters like a wounded bird; and running down-stairs, she once more meets the young man to whom she gave a dainty little repast out in the country at her Uncle Peter's. The young man is reformed all over, and is strikingly improved by a year's course of regular bathing. Some rich old relative has died

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—NO. XXVI.



Because they are American citizens, and, be it ever so humble, there's no game like base-ball.

and then wrung out and thoroughly dried, approaches and asks for bread. The heart of the young and beautiful heiress from the city is touched, and she goes into the kitchen and fetches out a big bowl of milk, a loaf or two of bread, a cold ham, the remains of a once tender hen, some roast-lamb, an apple-pie, five or six peach-dumplings, some tomatoes cut in vinegar, a pot of coffee, and a few other little things to make up an agreeable lunch for a tramp. And then the tramp sits down in the cool of the porch, and eats with a new light in his eye and a fresh-laid longing in his heart.

"When he has thoroughly wrecked the repast and gracefully folded his napkin, he asks to look at the book of poetry, and selecting a tender thing about a poor, homeless wanderer, he reads it aloud so affectionately that the young and beautiful heiress is moved to tears, and has to go into the house to finish her weep and get a dry handkerchief. Then the tramp tells how he was once a bright and happy boy with indulgent parents and store-clothes, and how he has been led away from the straight and narrow path by evil associates and a taste for the concentrated fluid extract of corn. And now he is a tramp, begging for a mouthful of food

and left him some money, too, and after explanations there is a mutual pledge of sweet affection that Time can't snap asunder, a 'Bless you, my dear children!' from the old folks, and, later on, a wedding and a bridal-trip to Europe.

"This sort of story sounds fine when it is properly fixed up and embellished by the graceful liar who used to tell it over and over so many times in the newspapers between the flowers of May and the frosts of autumn. I have merely outlined the plot. I am only a plain old farmer whose opportunities to learn to lie gracefully have been but few, and my memory won't hold on to all the ginger-bread work of the tramp and heiress stories. Last tramp season I read the same old tale, with sundry variations, nine times in your paper. This season it has not bloomed once. You see, I live out in a lively neighborhood for tramps, and I know tramps, and my curiosity has been excited about the man who could lie with so much ease and grace about em; and since I have missed his work this year, I have been wondering if he hasn't been struck by lightning."

SCOTT WAY.

APPARENTLY BOUNCED.



Here 's the little fairy
I met at Canajoharie
Last summer at vacation-time, 'mong butterflies and bees.
And when the pearly moonlight
Did on the stray raccoon light,
We wandered, full of rapture, 'neath the zephyr rustled trees.

Whene'er with her at tennis
I played, my name was Dennis,
Because she beat me easily, e'en when she did n't try.
And when we went a-boating,
It was lovely idly floating
Upon the tranquil lakelet all beneath the cloudless sky.

Now the summer 's gone and over,
The daisies and the clover
Have vanished, and the golden-rod is blowing in their place,
And I 'm back and on my muscle,
As all day with rags I tussle,
In the wholesale dry-goods palace of Ikeblowenstein & Grace.

And I wonder—oh, I wonder
Why in lightning and in thunder
That darling little damosel myself doth disregard.
Indeed, I 'd like to call on her,
And wed and make a haul on her,
And I think it is a howling shame she sends me not her card.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is denied that Mary Anderson is to marry a Kentucky swain. It is said she is wedded to art. And very wisely, too. Art will never spend three-quarters of her income, insist on being called "Colonel," and persist in standing around the box-office of the theatre until he becomes a nuisance on the face of the earth. Art pays the best in the long run.

THE YOUNG ladies of Hastings, Minn., have signed an agreement not to go with any young man who drinks, smokes, chews tobacco, or swears. If this is reliable, the young ladies of Hastings will probably associate principally with themselves this winter. The millennium has not yet reached the Northwest, so we have been told.

A JERSEY COW, owned by James Lawson, of Podunk, swallowed a ten-dollar gold-piece several years ago, and the coin was recently discovered in her stomach after she was butchered. Her owner often wondered what made her milk so rich.

THE POPE has printed his poems, Latin and Italian, numbering thirty-three, for circulation among the cardinals, exclusively. This is good for the Catholic Church. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, you know.

SOME PHILOSOPHER has said that "the great man is he who said that thoughts rule the world." And when he discovers that they are not *his* thoughts, his greatness becomes monumental.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PERSEVERING WASP.

"Just look at that blue wasp down there!" exclaimed Tommy Martin to his little playmate, Willie Myers, who came in exhausted from a game of ball to rest himself in the summer-house.

"What of it?" replied the ball-player, as he looked carelessly at the wasp.

"I never saw anything like it," Tommy Martin went on: "I have been sitting here about half-an-hour watching that wasp's movements, and I think I'll stay a little longer, to see how long he can keep them up."

"Keep what up?" inquired Willie Myers, who had by this time got his breath.

"Why, his funny movements," replied Tommy Martin: "First, he disappears head first down that hole in the path there right under the rose-bush, and, after awhile, comes up with something in his mouth and puts it over there in that little pile. He has been doing it ever since I came here to sit down."

The newcomer sat and watched the wasp with interest for some time. Then he said:

"Let's poke a stick down the hole the next time the wasp goes in."

"No," replied Tommy Martin: "I want to see how it's going to end."

"And then will you pour some water in?" pleaded Willie Myers, pathetically: "it would be such fun to see the wasp come up and shake himself."

"Don't let's do that," said Tommy Martin: "let's sit here and see what the wasp will do, and not bother him."

So there the boys sat and watched the busy little wasp, who worked away, apparently with might and main, and never changed his method or purpose. As soon as he came up with a speck in his mouth, he ran over to the small heap, which kept growing larger, and deposited it. Then he turned and ran back, and disappeared head foremost down the hole.

"How in the world," asked Willie Myers: "can the wasp ever go down that little hole head first, and come up head first? I wonder how he ever turns around?"

"I don't know," answered Tommy Martin: "but I think that is a kind of wasp that lives in the ground like an ant, and very likely he turns around in the parlor. You know, most houses are larger inside than at the door."

"Then you think that the wasp's house?" asked Willie Myers, not noticing his playmate's sarcasm.

"I think it must be," replied Tommy Martin, who had a lively imagination: "I'll bet it's the wasp's house, and the wasps are house-cleaning. Mrs. Wasp and the little wasps are cleaning

up the rubbish and Mr. Wasp is taking it out, to have everything ready for the winter."

Still the old blue wasp plodded away, as light-hearted and happy as a gold bee buzzing in a breeze-ruffled spray of honeysuckle. The little pile continued to grow larger as the minutes slipped away, but the wasp didn't become at all weary or exhausted. The monotony of his actions finally became so exasperating to both the boys who were watching him, that Tommy

Martin proposed to put a small pebble over the hole on the wasp's next disappearance.

"That'll be fine, Tommy; that'll be fine."

So they got a small white pebble, and the next time the wasp scampered out of sight it was placed over the entrance to his house. In a moment the pebble moved, for the wasp was doing his best to push it out of the way. But the pebble was a little too heavy, and every time it ceased to move and tremble, the boys

knew that the wasp was taking a rest, and preparing for a fresh trial.

Finally it stopped moving altogether, and they concluded that the wasp had given up in despair, and retired to the bosom of his family for comfort and consolation. But they were mistaken. When the wasp found the pebble too heavy to push away with his head, he burrowed up through the ground on the other side of it, and the boys were surprised to see him peer slyly across at them.

No sooner had the wasp done this and satisfied himself that he was not going to be annoyed further, than he walked up on the pebble, gripped it firmly with all his legs, and attempted to fly off the hole with it. He found that he could not do this after several ineffectual attempts. Then he took a good long rest, and mounting the pebble, again secured as firm a hold as he could. This done, he did not attempt to fly, but simply to flap his wings as hard as he could. By this means he succeeded, after a desperate effort, in rolling the pebble off the hole, having done which, he ran down into his house as fast as he could.

The admiration that boys have for grit caused the wasp's tormentors to leave him alone and go off about their business.

When the wasp rushed back to his family, all the little wasps ran up to him in great anxiety, and said:

"Oh, papa, what was it made the house so dark a little while ago?"

"When I got out," explained the paternal wasp: "I found a small pebble over the entrance, and I was afraid you all might smother before I could get it away."

Then the old wasp lay with his head pillowed on one of his legs, while his dear little wife fanned him very tenderly with both her wings. Soon he recovered his breath sufficiently to tell everything that happened in detail, and concluded by saying:

"I can tell you what it is, my dear children. When you want to accomplish anything in this world, there's nothing like reading PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop, of all newsdealers. Price, twenty-five cents. R. K. M.

WANDERER'S NACHTLIED.



Oh, Art is sweet, and at close of day
Tender the tunes that I love to play;
They speak to me of my home afar
And memory lingers o'er every bar;
And an artist's dreams come back to me,
All old and bent as I am, you see,
And I see the eyes of my love of old—
Her eyes of blue, and her hair of gold—
Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, oh, sweet to me
Is the magical power of melody.
Yet sometimes even my music fails,
And under its trouble my spirit quails,
And I drop my trombone battered and worn
And solace my soul with a different horn.

WHEN PEOPLE refer to the lamentable death of poor Jumbo, their voices get quite tusk.

IF MR. EVARTS were made to "eat his own words," that little attenuated stomach would be as rotund as David Davis's.

SAYS THE Norristown Herald: "Boston has two celebrities now—John L. Sullivan and the Puritan. The principal difference between them is that the Puritan takes to water and Sullivan doesn't." That may be so; but they both take to beating, we believe.

WHO EVER saw a salad dressing?—Life. Who ever heard Sal addressing?—Mountaineer. Who ever saw Sal add dressing?—Electric Light. Who ever saw Ad dressing Sal?—Three States. Who ever saw Sal dressing Ad?—Vanity Fair. Who ever saw Ad dressing salad?—Three States.

Notwithstanding many gloomy forebodings, American humor continues to hold its own.

A BOSTON ANGLOMANIAC, a young lady, is so averse to anything that is plebeian that she will not go out in a yacht when trade-winds are blowing.

JUMBO NOT only lost his life in the railroad accident, but he lost his trunk as well.

THE YACHT-RACE is over, and Maud S. has gone into winter quarters. Now let's get down to business.

"DR. JOHN BRYANT was one of the happiest on board the Puritan. * * * He warmly congratulated the Herald representative over the result of the race."—Boston Herald. This country cannot be too thankful to the Boston Herald representative for winning the race.

THE VILLAGE YOUTH.

How beautiful becomes the life of the youth surrounded by simple village influences, when it is compared with the wild, reckless career of the young man of the city.

Growing to manhood with a mind unpolluted by the sins of the great outside world, the village youth passes his time in instructive conversation at the "combination store," filling his mind with useful knowledge which would be invaluable to him should he ever be compelled to work.

In thus persistently devoting himself to conversation, he gradually becomes an authority on mowing-machines, road taxes, the price of butter, and other national questions of the hour.

By the time he reaches his majority, the village youth is sure to be one of the best all-round theoretical farmers in his neighborhood.

He can give the oldest inhabitant in the county points, and finally makes up his mind to become a consulting agriculturist, establishing his headquarters at the "combination store."

But it is not all work and study with the village youth. He has his regular office-hours, and also his hours for innocent recreation.

After the farmers have disposed of their butter, eggs, and other cash producers, they casually inform their wives and daughters that they have an engagement "up at the Court-House," slip around the corner and join the learned village youth in the cellar of the "combination store." There the merry apple-jack goes round,

at the farmers' expense, and the conversation turns into such instructive channels as the proper pronunciation of the word "sheol," the jurisdiction of the Deity, and the relative positions of parents and their children, interspersed with running comments on the general morality of the entire township.

At these little symposia the village youth is seen at his best for fully an hour, and at the end of that time he becomes an attentive listener, taking an easy position upon the cellar floor, and shutting his eyes in order to fully concentrate his mind upon the weighty arguments going on between the farmers.

When the entire party has become exhausted through sheer mental exertion, a motion to adjourn is declared in order. The motion is usually put and carried by the farmers' wives, and as the worthy dames deposit their argumentative lords carefully among the empty egg-baskets and butter-tubs in the wagon, they call down untold blessings upon the head of the village youth. The latter, in the meantime, remains in his old listening posture in the cellar, tenderly grasping in one hand a half-empty bottle of apple-jack, and clutching with the other a nickel kindly lent to him by one of his late companions.

Compare the edifying picture presented by this product of innocent village life with the depraved, hard-working, self-respecting average youth of the city, and pray for the latter's salvation.

C. V. TEIXEIRA.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A NEW STORY is called "The Editor's Wallet." We have seen it. There is nothing in it.

JUST AT this season there is a lull in country society circles. The ladies are all busy canning fruit.

A DETROIT PAPER exclaims: "Give us more one and two-dollar bills, or give us death." It looks to us as if this would be a very poor way to raise a popular subscription.

Hall's Journal of Health says: "Intense thirst is satiated by wading in water." This is particularly the case if the water happens to be over the man's head. Very few dead men are troubled with thirst.

AN EXCHANGE observes: "Small-pox, scarlet-fever, yellow-fever and cholera can be transmitted from one person to another by a kiss." That is all right. A sensible man doesn't go to a hospital when he wants a kiss.

"FOR A WAGER of two dollars, a resident of Danbury, Conn., swallowed a small live frog the other day." This probably satisfied him for awhile, but he is likely to croak about his being underpaid before he gets through with the bet.

LET WEIGHER STERLING BE REQUIRED TO PASS A CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION BY ALL MEANS.

The following pictures will show that he could do so in a satisfactory manner.



WEIGHING.



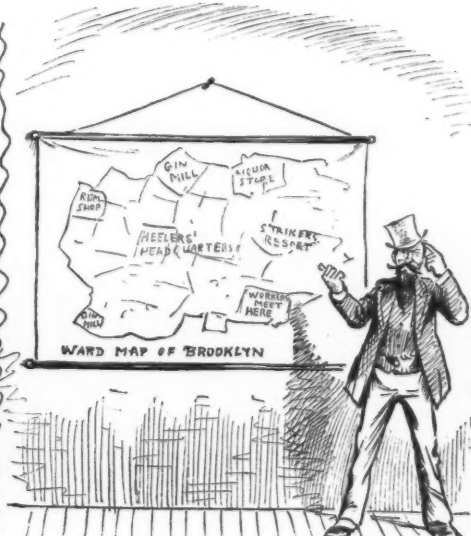
MEASURING.



READING.



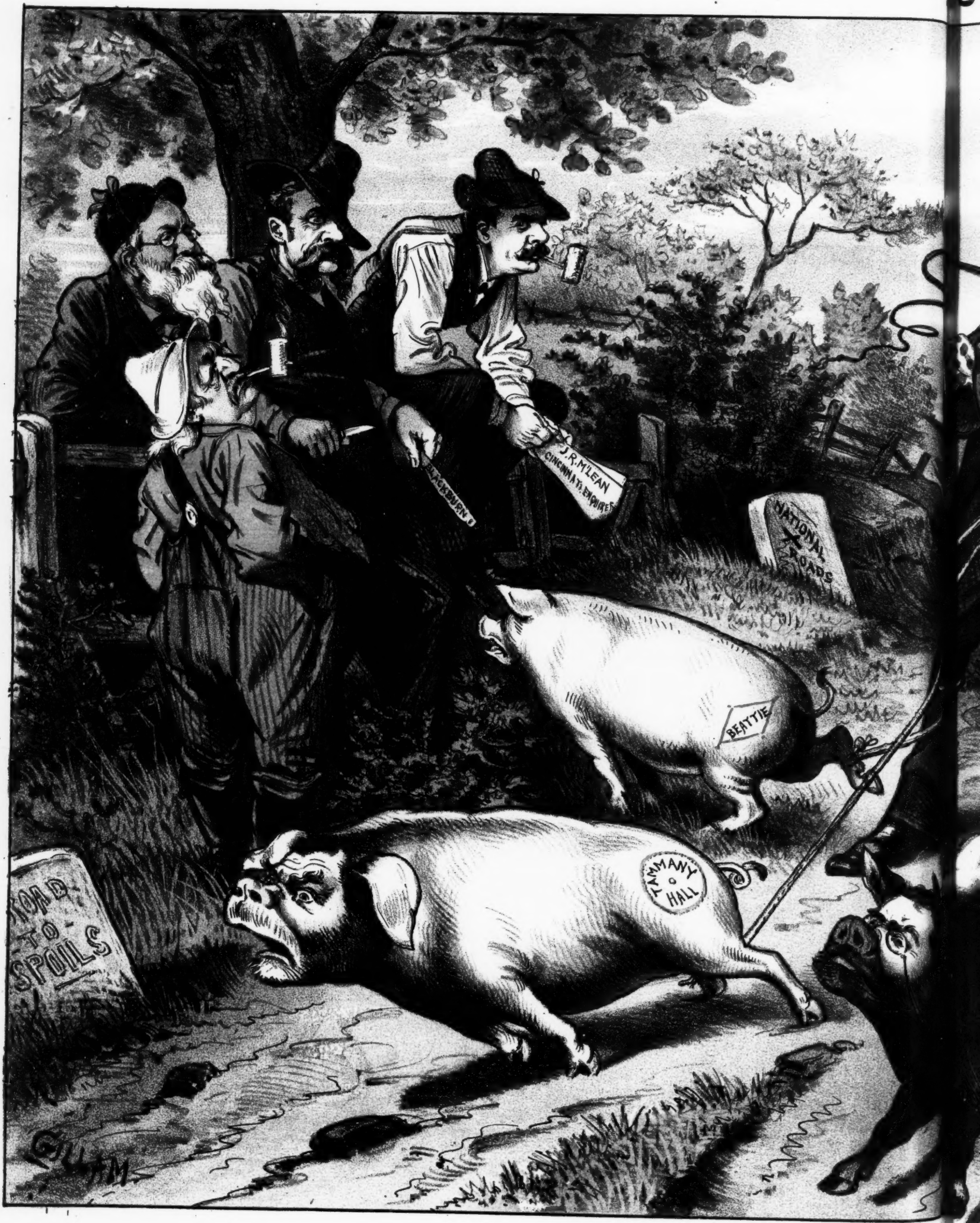
WRITING.



GEOGRAPHY.



REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.



A HARD JOB TH



OBTH THE HOGS.

THE EARLY BIRD.



"Vy, Blattenheimer, vat prings you down out of ter hotel so early, und vat is dot on your pack, a life-perserver?"
 "Don't you gif it away, Tony, und I'll tell yer. Dot ish not a life-perserver; dot ish my box of samples. Drummin' at de hotel is played out, und I come down to de vater efery morning before anypody else, und I catch customers sure vhist dey are in shwimmin' und feels pooty goot!"

TO THE BABY IN THE NEXT ROOM.

NEW YORK, September 28th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me. I am never surprised to hear from you, but perhaps that has nothing to do with the case. I think this must be the first letter you have received, and I take some pride in thinking that I am the first to sadden your life with this form of affliction.

Although you are as bald-headed as an early tomato, as toothless as a bar of Castile soap, and more steeped in wickedness than I ever was, I am convinced that I have the nickel-plated bulge on you in the matters of age and experience. You will, therefore, take it as a kindness in me to pour into your left ear a little sage advice.

When that tan-faced, animated mummy who calls herself your nurse undertakes to persuade you to pour into the recesses of your valuable person a beastly concoction of milk and water, just you rise up and kick right straight out behind with all the energy of your manly soul. Tell her that that is no sort of tippie for a fellow who expects to wear a full beard after a time. Tell her that the proper scheme is to commingle the milk with a fair allowance of S. O. P., and to put a little sugar in it, and some grated nutmeg on top.

You will find that this gives the milk more body, as it were, and makes it fit more harmoniously into the secret nooks and crannies of your immortal soul. If you take enough of it, it will enlarge the scope of your mental vision and enable you to see twice as much in the world as you do now. And whereas you are now afflicted as to the department of the interior with mullygrubs of a more or less acrobatic nature, you will, by taking my advice and the above prescription, find yourself animated with a divine desire to take possession of the earth and use it for a foot-ball.

Again, when the aforesaid mummy wants to rout you out of bed at the unhallowed hour of 7 A. M. only for the purpose of putting you back at 6 P. M., rise up and assert those rights which are inalienable from American citizenship. You shouldn't go to bed at 6 P. M. That is the time when you ought to be laying in a good square meal, and preparing for the nocturnal circus which always breaks loose a short time afterward. A bald-headed fellow like you ought to have a seat in the front row at the comic opera.

Never been there?

Well, my dear boy, kick like a burro till you get there. By and by your hair will grow, and you'll feel out of place in the front row; but now you've a right to be there. Go and take in the comic opera, and don't let the mummy stop you. You will learn a good deal at the comic opera. You will hear more music than the old mummy can produce from that dried sausage which she calls her throat. And you will see a great many square yards of female loveliness. Take it in, my boy, take it in.

And after the opera is over, go and strike the oyster-fry while it is hot. Don't take it home in a box, either. Tuck it away where it will lie nearest your heart. Put a little cold beer down with it. Then go to the nearest billiard-room and play billiards. After you get tired of that, find three or four of the boys and invite them to assist you in opening a small jack-pot. Don't let them raise you out, dear boy, but play a stiff game and stick to it till about 8 A. M.

Then come home and go to bed. You will find yourself ready to sleep soundly. By following out this advice, you will save me from the necessity of lying awake all night and listening to you howling like a steam-whistle. You'll have a good deal of fun, and I'll get a sound night's rest, which is something I don't get now.

Yours very sincerely,

W. J. HENDERSON.

Answers for the Anxious.

JACK AND GILL.—There is no school for humorous writers. They are brought up in the lap of adversity, and learn in suffering what they teach in paragraphs.

ARTIST.—Would there be a show for you in our office? Certainly. We should do the square thing by you. We would give you half-way to the door, and then count three before we let the dog loose.

LIZZIE N.—Your design for a dado on a jack-towel has reached us, and we have handed it over to the porter, who has charge of the office-towel department. He will very likely adopt your suggestion when he makes the next semi-annual change. But if you don't care to wait, we can forward the sketch to one of the household-art papers.

PROFESSOR JOHN L. SULLIVAN estimates that he has cleared \$175,000 at fisticuffs in five years, and there are lots of poor parsons all through New England who continue to pound the pulpit cushion at six hundred dollars a year.—*Exchange*.

But perhaps the parsons don't knock the pulpit silly in one round. This may account for it.

PEANUTS AND CARMELS.

THERE'S MANY a slip 'twixt the cup and the ship.

LORD TENNYSON, it is said, has received a command from the Queen to write a poem on the death of Jumbo.

THERE is a well-known character in Pittsburgh called "Dirty Tom." He had to go out of town before this peculiarity was discovered.

THE RESERVOIR at Frankfort, Ky., ran dry on the first of July, but this fact was not discovered until the first of last month. It is believed that a watchman accidentally made the discovery.

SOME ONE says: "Milwaukee is now fifty years old." That depends upon the way you count age. If you estimate by the amount of fun Milwaukee has had, it hasn't turned the ten point yet.

IT is reported that the Indians at Standing Rock Agency have raised over twenty thousand bushels of corn this season. This may not be so much fun as raising hair, but it pays better in the long run.

THE *Southern Cultivator* thinks "base-ball players might teach farmers' societies a lesson or two." This is unquestionably true. They could teach them the practical value of a college education.

IT is said that the Romans had only one daily paper. As there were three hundred circuses in ancient Rome, one may form some estimate of the profits from the newspaper business in those early days.

SOME ONE says: "Edgar Allan Poe used to kiss his mother-in-law every night." If this is true, and if the stories told about Poe's habits are to be credited, it must have been much harder upon the mother of Mrs. Poe than upon the poet.

A NUMBER OF Mexicans living at Bisbee, A. T., complain that one of their countrymen was too hastily lynched. This is a frequent fault of lynchings. It is very difficult, we have always understood, to hang a man slowly enough to please every one.

A MODEL NEWSPAPER SALUTATORY.

Those hopeful persons who set out to fill a long-felt want, and gather in lucre and early potatoes printing a country newspaper, have my permission to use the following form of salutatory by giving proper credit to PUCK:

To-day we launch upon the troubled bosom of the journalistic sea, with its wreck-strewn shore, another young and hopeful craft with a wide and pleasing expanse of future before it, and a large, aching void for ready cash.

It was our full intention some weeks ago to take off our coat this very day, and begin the reformation and regeneration of the wicked old world in which we are at present endeavoring to pay our board, but this decision was reached on the impulse of the moment. By this time we have calmed down to some extent, and have decided to first turn our attention to paying off the chattel-mortgage entered up against this establishment. When that be done, we shall be ready to take up the matter of reforming the wicked old world. It is not meet that the wicked old world should occupy our valuable time, when a grasping monopolist with a wart on his nose is holding our press and types in his close embrace by the power of a chattel-mortgage and exacting seven per cent interest, and whilst a quarter-sheet bill for a church-fair is awaiting attention on the job-hook. But the wicked old world shall be shaken up all in good time if it will just be patient.

We enter into this undertaking not without some acquaintance with its important duties and the fullest realization of its very grave responsibilities.

We have edited one paper that had only an annual income of six patent can-openers, a gross of very inferior horse-powders, an electric liver-pad, eighty-five cents in cash, and four dozen boxes of anti-bilious pills. That was bad enough, and yet we did not complain until a number of warm personal friends, who had taken exception to some bit of pleasantry in our columns, called one evening in a sort of impromptu way, with a bucket of tar and a

bag of feathers. But while the chairman of the delegation was getting ready to deliver the opening address, we climbed out of the window and left them to get along without us the best they could.

In launching forth the first number of *The Weekly Persimmon Pole* as a new civilizer and

great public opinion moulder, we hope for better results than attended our maiden effort in journalistic walks. We are older now than we were some years ago, and we know a great deal more now than we did when we were younger and had more hair upon our bump of veneration. Age has knocked some of the sharp corners off us, and whilst we have not been acquiring beauty and style in the contiguous past, we have been laying in a large stock of horse-sense, which is intended to teach a bald-headed man to get under cover when it hails.

It will be our constant endeavor to please everybody. That is the grand plan on which we purpose running this journalistic side-wheel steamboat, and if we run into a snag we shall back out and try it again. Every person who takes this paper and pays for it shall be our honored and esteemed fellow-citizen just as long as "sorts" hold out. Every man who advertises with us shall be enterprising and progressive, and shall sell the cheapest goods in town. We shall keep constantly on hand and ready for immediate use a large assortment of such pleasing little allusions as "The Charming and Accomplished Daughter of Our Fellow-Townsmen," "The Fair and Happy Bride of our Rising Young Friend," "Our Learned Divine," "Our Skillful and Successful Physician," "Our Urbane and Gentlemanly Corpse-Embalmer," and "Our Graceful and Accomplished Free-Hand Beer-Drawer," and we shall try in all cases to put these in where they will give consolation, and bring in the doubting and hesitating with kind words and two-dollar bills.

We shall not intentionally offend any man through these columns. We do not like carnage between meals, and have not been in the habit of carrying a double-barreled shot-gun with which to exchange salutations with personal friends. Our physique is not robust, and if any man desires to settle a difference with us in a way to break the *bric-à-brac*, and muss up the carpet, and occasion talk, and will send us word when he is coming, we will strive

THE BABY'S BANK.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



STARTING A SAVINGS-BANK FOR THE BABY.
"We'll open it in a year from now."



TEMPTATION.
"I need a little change this morning—guess I'll tap the bank."



PECULATION.
"Going to the lodge to-night; must have plenty of small change about me."



DEFALCATION.
"Got to have a few cents for car-fare. Too bad, but can't help it."



DESPERATION.
"Whew! only a quarter left! I must put something in to fill it up."



"It's very strange you don't want to open the bank, Henry. The year was up yesterday, and it seems to be quite full."



"Very well; if *you* won't, I will."



THE OPENING OF THE BANK.
Large and varied assortment of suspender-buttons, carpet-tacks, steel pens, hair-pins, etc. Slow music.

to be out. We are no coward, but we can't buy new furniture for this office every Monday morning, and it will be five long years before our gentlemanly and courteous undertaker has run up a bill for advertising sufficient to lay us away decently in calm and beautiful repose.

Some editors would want to make an exciting item every week for *The Persimmon Pole* by whipping a well-known fellow-townsmen, or *vice versa*; but we do not. We prefer less exciting news, unless we can get exciting news without so much exertion, and wear and tear on our suspenders.

While we shall not be sensational, we shall endeavor to the best of our ability to keep this usually quiet town in an intense state of excitement as long as human nature will monkey with buzz-saws and punch game out of its lair with the butt-end of a shot-gun.

Right here we want to impress on the minds of this intelligent and warmly appreciative community the necessity on their part of furnishing us with such interesting happenings as may come under their notice. We want all double-yolk eggs laid on our table. Our friends with five-legged chickens and tall stalks of corn will please not pass us by. If the son of any esteemed fellow-townsmen should undertake to amuse himself by tickling with a straw the hindlimbs of a mule, the esteemed fellow-townsmen should kindly send particulars, together with the age of the boy and time of the funeral, as soon as the remains are made comfortable. Snake items will always be acceptable; but our old subscribers who meet brand-new styles of serpents thirty-nine feet long, as well as those who are chased sixteen miles and a quarter by that funny old-style newspaper snake, which is accustomed to take its tail in its mouth and roll after its prey in a gay and reckless manner, will please bring along a sample of the Prohibition beverage they have been drinking, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

We do not want to ask too many favors of this indulgent community, but we shall deem it an especial kindness if our friends who have a warm desire to blow in the gun their grandfathers carried in the war of 1812, to see if it is loaded, will refrain from so doing until our day of publication, so that *The Weekly Gutter-Snipe and Poor Man's Plaster* will not get the bulge on us in the matter of a startling occurrence of public moment.

We are not disposed to shut off the public from having a fair chance to spread themselves through the medium of this paper, and if any man thinks he can mould a better grade of public opinion than we shall mould, and mould it faster than we can, we are willing any press-day to sit on the ink-keg while he grasps the lever of the hand-press and proceeds to mould it. We are happy to say to this intelligent community that there is nothing selfish about us.

The person who thinks he knows how to run this paper better than we do, and is willing to give us a great deal of his valuable time without compensation, will not be harshly dealt with; but the man with a glad smile and a big watermelon will always be the most welcome.

With these few crude remarks we shake loose the initial number of *The Weekly Persimmon*

A LAQUID LOVE.



"If you can't feel any more interest than this, Caroline, perhaps we had better break off our engagement."
 "Don't say 'break,' Charles—it's horribly violent. But we might let it disintegrate peacefully, don't you think?"
 —*Fliegende Blätter*.

Pole, which is designed to reach into the innermost recesses of the pocket-books of this generous people, and extract from each a two-dollar bill per annum, in advance.

N. B.—Bank-officers desiring their address changed should give their old address, as well as their new Canada post-office.

SCOTT WAY.

THE WILD WEST.

We cut the following from the Indianapolis *Herald*:

ASYLUM NOTES.

—Joe Patterson changed his pants last week.
 —H. C. Carter is making a polite, efficient and attentive day policeman.

—The dance on Thursday night was a success in every sense of the word, and reflected great credit on the young lady employees.

—Mr. Evans, the patient, whose femur was fractured by his attendants, who threw him down while trying to put him to bed, is able to hobble around, but will always have an imperfect limb.

—There are a great many quiet remarks passed by employees, when "no officer is near," concerning the "beef stew" usually served for patients' breakfasts. And some have even said that the offensive odor arising from the mystery while dishing it out made them sick.

—Mr. Roth, our efficient store-keeper, is well pleased with his new quarters, which enable him to keep everything in better order than his previous limited quarters.

—D. H. Patten, a patient from Knox County, whose collar-bone was fractured by an attendant, who threw him down by order of one of the physicians, to keep him from talking too loud while out on the grounds, has made an almost complete recovery. This is a remarkable case, when we take into consideration the fact that Mr. Patten is almost seventy years of age.

ABSIT INVIDIA.

We should like to hear from the gentlemen with the fractured collar-bone and the damaged femur.

THERE is an unwritten law that gives the wild Texas steer the right of way.—*Boston Post*.

A MINISTER of the Gospel in one of the counties of Middle Tennessee bordering on Cumberland Range thought that he would try one of the Rev. Sam Jones's dodges on his congregation, and see how it would work. He had seen the Rev. Sam use it with wonderful effect, and he could see no good reason why it should not prove equally as effective with him, and he was badly in need of a mucilage of some sort to make his hearers stick until he could reach the "lastly." On the occasion referred to he ascended the pulpit, as usual, and, after the preliminary services, he slowly removed his glasses, and, glancing over his audience, remarked solemnly that he was going to deal in some plain, unvarnished Gospel truths to-day, and would try, the Lord being willing and helping, to expose the hypocrisy of professing Christians, and if there were any person or persons present who did not want to hear it, they had an opportunity right then to "rack out." To his utter surprise and consternation, the congregation rose as one man and "racked." —*Nashville (Tenn.) American*.

THE *Freeman's Journal* is said to consider it impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Hendricks's utterances. It is this same impossibility which inspires the American estimate of their

absolute unimportance. It is impossible, for instance, to exaggerate the importance of zero. —*Philadelphia News*.

LAWYER.—"For the life of me, I don't see what attraction people find in the stupid game of base-ball. Some day I think I'll go out to see them make fools of themselves."

Merchant.—"The idea of sane men going crazy over such a thing! Seems to me the fool-killer is badly needed nowadays."

Time.—A week later. Scene.—The grand stand at the base-ball grounds. Lawyer tossing his hat in the air and yelling like a Sioux brave: "Git down; come along! Dad bing my American heart, why don't you run, Milligan?"

Merchant.—"Shoot the umpire! Cut his heart out! Let me get at him."

Policeman.—"Say, you old duffers, we don't want any of this here hoodlum business here. I'll fire you out if you don't shut up." —*Memphis Times*.

ACCOMMODATION.

ANY WELL RATED BUSINESS HOUSE IN CITY OR COUNTRY, who may be desirous of obtaining accommodation on their paper, or on merchandise, can secure same by addressing Absolutely Confidential, Box 2,577, New York. References exchanged. 261

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

PUCK'S ALMANAC for 1878, 15 cents.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, 25 cents per copy.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 1, 1880, No. 3, 1882, No. 4, 1883, and No. 5, 1884, 25 cents per copy.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(First Crop, Sixteenth Edition,) 25 cents.

(Second Crop, Sixth Edition,) 25 cents.

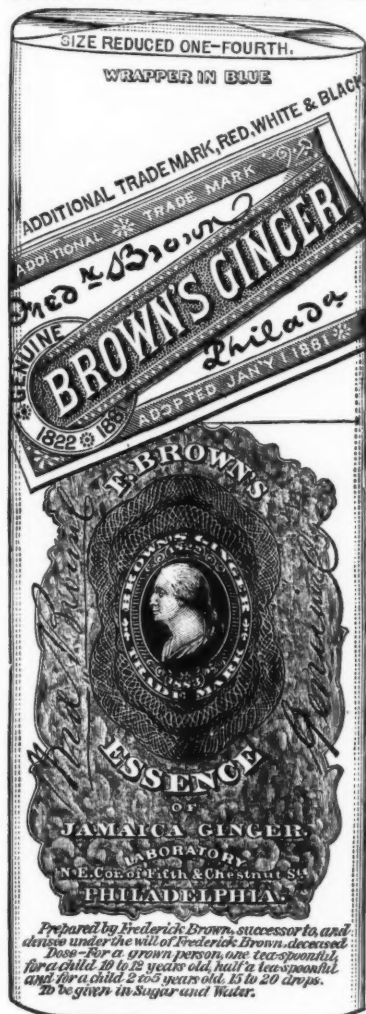
PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, 1884, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.

All of the above publications are still in print and will be mailed upon receipt of price. Address

OFFICE OF PUCK,

Nos. 23-25 Warren Street, New York.

Below is a fac-simile of the Bottle of
The Genuine
Fred. Brown's
GINGER,
 SEE THAT STRIP OVER CORK IS UNBROKEN.



—FOR—
Cramps, Colic, Stomach-Ache,
Indigestion, etc.

"We have a good joke on one of the boys," said a Chicago drummer: "I won't tell you what his name is; but he travels for one of the biggest millinery houses in Chicago. Not long ago he was at Milwaukee, and got into a row at the station with a hack-driver. The hack-man was a big fellow, and, presuming on his size, enjoyed himself several minutes abusing the drummer, who was a little man. The little chap stood it about five minutes, and then his coat came off. I never saw a coat come off a man so quick in my life, and as it came off, he gave it a vicious sling to the other side of the room. He meant business, and in about forty seconds that hack-driver had a black eye, a bloody nose, and was yelling lustily: 'Take him off!'"

"Of course, as soon as order had been restored, we all gathered about our drummer, and congratulated him on his nerve.

"You did him up in scientific shape," said one of us.

"You bet your life I did," replied the millinery salesman, still a little excited: "I didn't get a first-class college education for nothing."

—Hartford Times.

RING OUT THE OLD.—A gentleman from Wabasha, while traveling in England, found, one day last Summer, at a London book-stall, the oldest edition of Sha(i)k(e)spe(a)r(e) in existence. He paid a large price for the old book, and has since offered to sell it to the British Museum for six hundred pounds. Later, we learn by a letter written to one of his friends in Wabasha, that since ascertaining that the date on the title-page is about seventy-five years older than the invention of printing, the gentleman will take tuppence half-penny farthing for his book, if he cannot get thruppence. —Brooklyn Eagle.

ETIQUETTE.—Your inquiry whether a baker is justified, when a stout woman comes into his shop and says she wants a couple of rolls, in advising her to go out into the street, where she can have lots of room, seems to us frivolous and unworthy of the dignity of this column. Write to the editor of the *North American Review*. —Somerville Journal.

"TOMMY," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg: "don't you know it is Sunday? Don't you know it is naughty to make a kite to-day?"

"But, my dear," interposed Fogg: "don't you see he is making it out of a religious paper?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. F.: "I didn't notice that." —Boston Transcript.

WHEN England comes to claim the Caroline Islands, things will seem more natural. It does not seem right for any other nation to have anything that does not belong to it. —New Orleans Picayune.

THE CELEBRATED **SOHMER** PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
 AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:
 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
 CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

E P P S ' S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 236

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

AND TRICYCLES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

THE POPE MFG CO.,

597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BRANCH HOUSES:

12 Warren Street, New York.

115 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 133

CANDY

Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
 78 Madison St., Chicago.

YOUNG MEN,

Keep your moustaches curled. Send 35 cents, in stamps, for the Beau Ideal Curler, the only moustache curler made. Address: **C. F. Von BRUNCK,** 145 & 147 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.



PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGES, PUCK SIZE. OF ALL NEWSDEALERS.

MAILED TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a
Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Torsures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

TRADE MARK S.S.S. INDIGESTION CURED.

I suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. I declined in flesh, and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this terrible disease. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Swift's Specific. The medicine toned up the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning ceased, and I could retain my food without difficulty. Now my health is good, and I can eat anything in the shape of food, and digest it without difficulty. Take the prescribed dose after eating. JAMES MANN, No. 14 Ivy St.

For sale by all druggists.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

KNIGHT'S NEW BOOK SENT FREE.

Address, L. A. KNIGHT,
15 East Third Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Mention this paper.



DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.



WORTH
SENDING FOR
Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on
DISEASES OF THE LUNGS

and HOW THEY CAN BE CURED,
which he offers to send FREE, post-paid, to all ap-
plicants. It contains valuable information for all who
suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any
disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper.
Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia.

WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day easily
made. Costly outfit FREE. Address:
258] P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

OPIUM

HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to
30 days. Sanitarium treatment,
or medicines by express. 13
years established. Book free.
Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK (SECOND CROP.)

JUST OUT: Price 25 Cents.

For Sale by all Newsdealers.

Mailed to any part of U. S. or Canada on receipt of price.

SHE only said: "The dude is dreary,
He goeth not," she said.
She said: "I'm weary, weary, weary,
And I want to go to bed."

—Chicago Sun.

A CHICAGO heiress, who went to work in her father's mill on the promise of receiving a dollar for every penny she earned, worked one whole day, earned sixty cents, and was paid sixty dollars. Besides the sixty cents, she earned a great deal of newspaper notoriety. This little incident must have greatly encouraged the old hands in the mill, who, when they earn sixty cents, are paid sixty cents and no more. But it teaches them that when they become heiresses they may also be paid sixty dollars for sixty cents' worth of work. —Norristown Herald.

UNDER a new law in Italy, any circus which does not fully perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is fined three hundred dollars for each offense. Such a law, suddenly sprung upon circuses in this country, before they had time to get new posters printed, would make the evening's performance last twenty-four hours, which would sadly interfere with the show in the adjoining county on the following day. —Norristown Herald.

A LONDON correspondent, speaking of Oscar Wilde's baby, says: "He poses in the cradle, and looks benevolent, now with a filmy eye, and now with crumpled cheeks, as if laughing; there are times when all who approach him seem to fear a catastrophe; a weird and woeful expression passes over his face; thoughts too deep for words completely choke his utterance." The youngster appears to be in a very serious condition; but not so critical as the correspondent. —Norristown Herald.

It is getting so a person cannot believe these political papers. One says it is and the other says it isn't, and then the independent journals show they are both wrong. —Oil City Derrick.

DAKOTA threatens to secede, and the grave question what she will do with the rest of the country is growing alarming. —Phila. Times.

Perpetual Sleeplessness.

Was the exquisite torture practised by European and Asiatic tyrants on victims whom they desired to punish with utmost cruelty. Nature, although no tyrant, is just as inexorable in her laws, and therefore visits myriads of good citizens with the same torture for transgressions of her code. Either over-taxed or unrecuperated mental and nerve forces insatiably demand their dues and proper compensation, or the full penalty must come. Outside assistance therefore becomes an absolute necessity. Nothing can satisfy the full conditions but DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, and it should consequently be used promptly. It is stimulant without injurious reaction, nourishment, without a trace of inflaming poison to create unnatural cravings and destroy assimilation of food, and a healthy tonic to restore normal strength and hardy muscles without superfluous fat to detract from comfort. Of all reliable grocers and druggists.

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are **Angostura Bitters**, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

VOLUME XVII. OF "PUCK."

Orders for bound copies of Volume XVII., which was completed August 26th, 1885, will now be received. They will be made up of new copies especially reserved for this purpose, and will contain a Title-Page and Index. We bind our Volumes in the most approved style, the centre cartoon being brought forward, displaying each cartoon and the reading-matter under same in full.

Price, Bound in Cloth.....\$3.75
Half Morocco.....4.50

OUR BINDERY.

We will be pleased to receive orders from subscribers and the public in general who desire to have their own copies bound in the above style. Price, with Title-Page and Index, in Cloth, \$1.25; Half Morocco, \$2.00 per volume (26 numbers).

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers PUCK,

Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., New York.

BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music
PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.
WAREHOUSES:
58 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK.



ALYON & HEALY,
State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.

Will send you their

BAND CATALOGUE

for 1885, 140 p. res. 300 engravings

of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts,

Pompoms, Epaulettes, Tapp-Lamps,

Stands, Drum Major's Sticks and

Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing

Materials, also includes instruction and

Exercises for Amateur Bands, and a Cat-

alogue of choice band music, mailed free.



ANGLO-SWISS MILK. CONDENSED MILK. MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all
kitchen purposes. Better for babies than
uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Sold by ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.



3 Printing Press

Do Your
Own
Printing!

Card & Label Press \$3. Larger sizes \$5 to \$75. For
old or young. Everything easy, printed directions.
Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards,
&c., to the factory, KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and
the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is re-
garded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It tho-
roughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring
the enamel.

120

Arnold, Constable & Co.

FALL IMPORTATION.

Are now showing an extensive and elegant stock of choice Autumn Novelties in rich Brocade Silks, Satins and Plushes, plain colored Failles and Gros Grains, suitable for evening and street wear. Lyons Velvets for Dress, Cloakings and Trimmings. India and Fancy Woollen Shawls, (many exclusive styles). Paris made Cloaks, Costumes and Jackets. Rich Laces and Sets. Suiting Cloths and Cloakings. Hosiery and Underwear, together with an unsurpassed assortment of confined styles in Woollen Plain and Fancy Figured Dress Goods, Robes, etc.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.



THE PEERLESS VINEYARD ROLLER SKATE.
Adjustable Action. Lever Clamp Fastening. Revolving Axles. Handsome. Noiseless and Easy Running. The best Skate ever made for private use. Suited to the beginner or expert. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$6.00. Send for Catalogue of Roller Skates, etc. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 217 Andrews Building, Chicago. 239 Broadway, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. 248 HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 136 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

FALL OPENING.
STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE.
All the Novelties. Latest Designs. Newest Colorings.

TO ORDER.

Imported Diagonal Suits from	\$25.00
Business Suits	20.00
Fall Overcoats	18.00
Pants	5.00

Estimates furnished for Liveries and Uniforms.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

145, 147, 149 Bowery

and

Broadway and 9th Street,

Opposite Stewart's, New York.

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application



KING TOILET PACKAGE!

When one sheet is used another presents itself. Most economical and convenient package made. For sale by Druggists and Paper Dealers. Samples sent express paid for \$1.00 as follows: New England and Middle States 5 packages with one holder. Other States 4 packages and one holder. Each package guaranteed 800 sheets.

MORGAN ENVELOPE CO., Springfield, Mass.

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

I SING THEE, STATUE GIGANTIC.

I sing thee statue gigantic,
I warble. I melodize. I lift up my flute-like bazoo. I,
Walt White Man.

Emblem of the young woman of America;
With pointed crown, able to see the point,
Light-headed, holding the torch above thy head;
Luminant, electric, diffusive; enlightening the world and
part of New Jersey.

You have a good hand, do not change it on the draw.
Manhattan has not such a foot as thine to foot the bills
with.

She loafs and invites cash. O copper-blushing maid!
Stupendous female, looking down the Narrows, do not
judge us by the scene.

We expand. We effuse and spread and settle every-
where—only at the grocery.

Stay with us. Beam forth at Bedloe's. We are a nation
of comrades.

Let your light shine. We will furnish the matches and
Chicago the divorces.

I sing thee, copper-riveted maid.

—Walt White Man, in Albany Journal.

CAMPAIGN motto for Mr. Davenport's friends
—Ca ira!—Graphic.

A GEORGIA man who lost an eye had a cat's
eye put in its place. Now, whenever he sees a
boot-jack he doesn't know whether to dodge
or not.—Graphic.

A CHICAGO Socialist was discovered the other
day applying for work, and the organization of
Socialists promptly expelled him. It is supposed
that he was insane.—Philadelphia Times.

THE Puritan is nothing but a "racing ma-
chine," says an English journal. Come to think
of it, the Colonists at Bunker Hill had no style
about them; but they could shoot.—Boston
Record.

It is said that leading actors receive much
larger salaries than leading editors. This may
be so; but we notice that more leading actors
than editors die in a charity hospital.—Norris-
town Herald.

TWELVE hundred agricultural fairs were an-
nounced to be held in the states and territories
this autumn. This means twelve hundred "first
premiums" for each sewing-machine that is
manufactured.—Norristown Herald.

LITTLE boy, beware! The good, kind lady
who gives you ginger-bread to-day, when you
come over to play with her little boys and girls,
may be your mother-in-law some day in the
rosy future.—Merchant Traveler.

AN Atlantic steamer will burn from seventy-
five to three hundred and seventy-five tons of
coal a day. From this we infer that the At-
lantic steamers use the latest invented coal-
saving furnaces in use in so many New York
flats.—Graphic.

A FASHION item says: "None but young
ladies and brides should wear hats." All the
same, we shall continue to wear them. A sen-
sible man would rather go bare-headed than to
wear one of this season's ridiculous-looking
bonnets.—Norristown Herald.

A RECENT cablegram states that "Herr Blech-
roder, the Berlin banker, has seen King Leo-
pold, of Belgium, in reference to a loan to the
Congo Free State." Strange coincidence! A
man claiming to be the son of a New Jersey
banker applied in this office yesterday in refer-
ence to a loan, too. The application was re-
jected.—Graphic.

At the present moment, the bullion value of
the American legal-tender dollar is less than
eighty cents. What stability would agriculture
and business generally have in this country if
the only measure of value were silver? Who
would use in his business a yard-stick which
was thirty inches long last week and is only
twenty-eight inches to-day, and may be twenty-
nine inches to-morrow? Who could buy or
sell with confidence on these terms? And yet
money is, at last, only the yard-stick of trade.
—Charleston News.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street.
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from
1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors
—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter
Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Chil-
dren, 25 cents.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the
whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all
disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious fla-
vor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and
beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine
article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

D. A. MAYER,

IMPORTER OF
HUNGARIAN WINES.

526 Broadway, New York.



Large stock of fine
Table and Dessert Wine
Tokaji and Ruszti Berg
Neszemelyi, Magyaradi,
Somlyó and Budai-Ries-
ling, White Wines, Egri,
Villanyi, Karlovici, Bu-
dai and Adlerberger
Clarets, Tokaji, Ruszti
and Menei Aszu, Hun-
garian Sparkling Wines,
Szilvá, Törköly Min-
eral Waters from the
most Renowned Springs
of Hungary.

The attention of the medical faculty is drawn to the fact that
my specialty,

TOKAJI ASZU IMPERIAL,

received the highest award for purity and peerless quality at the
Centennial Exhibition.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as
well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also
recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in
existence.

STEREOTYPE OUTFIT.

COMPLETE AND IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. Address:
"STEREOTYPYER," P. O. BOX 3538, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th,
13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on
Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or
three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.



LET THE POLICE COURTS BE FURNISHED WITH MECHANICAL MAGISTRATES.
The Ward Bosses could get their Captive Constituents out a trifle quicker, and the Cause of Justice would not suffer any more than it does at present.